Fourteenth Season

"Festival of the Lilies"

Easter Monday, April 20th, 1908.

Methodist Social Union

ORGANIZED MARCH 25th, 1892.

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"Festival of the Lilies"

Fourteenth Easter Monday Concert

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

METHODIST SOCIAL UNION

MASSEY MUSIC HALL, APRIL 20th, 1908.

Children's Chorus, 700 Voices

(Selected from the Methodist Sunday Schools of Toronto)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. LLEW. REES.

Artistic Exercises

(Specially arranged)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MRS. H. B. SOMERS.

MISS NELLIE MACPEAK, Accompanist.

Soloist

MR. ARTHUR BLIGHT, Baritone.

Accompanist

MRS. MABEL BASTEDO-MILLS.

Band of the Royal Grenadiers

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. JOHN WALDRON.

PROGRAMME

1. A Selection of Songs *Stephen Adams.*
   Royal Grenadiers' Band.

2. (*a*) Easter Hymn
   "Christ the Lord is risen to-day."
   Lyra Davidica.
   (*b*) Sacred Song "Guide us! Guard us!" *Jordan.*
   Children's Chorus.

3. Three-part Song
   "You Gentlemen of England." *Callcott.*
   Choir.

4. (*a*) Two-part Song
   "From Oberon in Fairyland."
   Arr. by Stevens.
   (*b*) Irish Song "Killarney." *Balfe.*
   Children's Chorus.

5. Song "Under the Desert Star." *Temple.*
   Mr. Arthur Blight.

6. Two-part Chorus
   "The Huntsman."
   "Der Freischütz," *Weber.*
   Children's Chorus.

7. (*a*) Easter Lilies.
   (*b*) Suggestions of the Easter-tide.
   Pupils of Mrs. Somers.

8. (*a*) Two-part Song
   "The Ash Grove." *Welsh Melody.*
   (*b*) "Fishermen's Chorus."
   "Masaniello," *Auber.*
   Children's Chorus.

9. QUARTETTE "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." *Burns.*

Miss Jennie Kimber
Miss Hazel Robinson
Miss Katie Pollock
Miss Reta Herst

10. (*a*) TWO-PART SONG

"It was a Merry Lad and Lass." *Morley.*

(*b*) PATRIOTIC CHORUS

"O Canada" *C. Lavallee.*

Children's Chorus.

11. TWO HUMOROUS SONGS

(*a*) "Kick O-Ree-Kee." *W. H. Neidlinger.*

(*b*) "The Little Chinese Boy." *W. H. Neidlinger.*

Choir Girls.

12. A STUDY IN RHYTHM.

Pupils of Mrs. Somers.

13. SONG "The Sands o' Dee." *Clay.*

Mr. Arthur Blight.

14. TWO-PART SONG

(*a*) "Crossing the Bar." *Tennyson.*

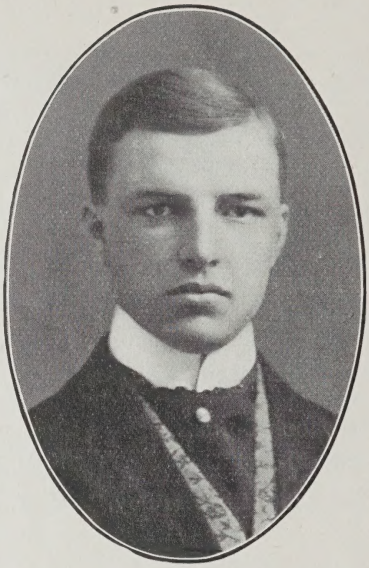
(*b*) THREE-PART ROUND

"Good Night to You All."

Children's Chorus.

"God Save the King."

The Knabe Piano used on this occasion is kindly loaned by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming.



IN MEMORIAM

Robert T. Cringan,

Conductor of Festival,
1907.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning bar
When I put out to sea.

But moving tide asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the deep
Turns to its earliest home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sad farewell,
When I at last embark.

BOOK OF WORDS

IN VIEW OF THE LENGTH OF THE PROGRAMME, AND THE DESIRE TO ALLOW THE CHILDREN TO REACH HOME AT A REASONABLE HOUR, THE AUDIENCE IS REQUESTED TO REFRAIN FROM DEMANDING ENCORES. . . . .

1. A SELECTION OF SONGS. *Stephen Adams.*
Royal Grenadiers' Band.

2. (*a*) EASTER HYMN
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day."
Lyra Davidica.
(*b*) SACRED SONG, "Guide us! Guard us!" *Jordan.*
Children's Chorus.

EASTER HYMN.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day; Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say: Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Hallelujah!
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply: Hallelujah!

Love's redeeming work is done, Hallelujah!
Fought the fight, the battle won: Hallelujah!
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Hallelujah!
Lo! He sets in blood no more; Hallelujah!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Hallelujah!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Hallelujah!
Death in vain forbids His rise; Hallelujah!
Christ hath opened Paradise; Hallelujah!

Lives again our glorious King; Hallelujah!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Hallelujah!
Once He died our souls to save; Hallelujah!
Where thy victory, O grave? Hallelujah!

GUIDE US! GUARD US!

O Father in heaven,
We now come to Thee,
We seek Thy protection,
From sin make us free!
Our trials are many,
Our griefs hard to bear,
But Thou art our refuge,
We will not despair!

REFRAIN:

O! guide us and guard us,
Our trust is in Thee!
Tho' fierce roll the billows,
On Life's stormy sea;
O! guide us and guard us,
'Till life's race is o'er;
Then bear us in safety,
To that peaceful shore,
Oh! bear us in safety,
To that peaceful shore!

O guide us and guard us,
On Thee we rely;
Oh! sweet words of promise,
That never can die!
With Thee as our helper,
No foe can alarm,
With Thee as our refuge,
To shield us from harm!

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3. THREE-PART SONG

"You Gentlemen of England." *Callcott.*

Choir.

YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

You gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares and the fears.
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us
When England is at wars
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wounds nor scars.
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valor for to know,
Whilst they reel on the keel.
When the stormy winds do blow.

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4. (*a*) TWO-PART SONG
"From Oberon in Fairyland." *Stevens.*

(*b*) IRISH SONG "Killarney." *Balfe.*

Children's Chorus.

FROM OBERON IN FAIRYLAND.

From Oberon in Fairyland,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
We fairies all at his command
Are sent to view the night sports here.
What revel rout is kept about
In every corner where we go,
We will o'ersee and merry be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can we fly,
And round the airy welkin soon,
And in a moment's space descry
The thing that's done beneath the moon.
All ghosts and sprites that haunt the nights,
And merry goblins do us know,
And beldames old our feats have told,
So frolic it with ho, ho, ho!
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
So frolic it with ho, ho, ho!

"KILLARNEY."

By Killarney's lakes and fells
  Em'rald isles and winding bays;
Mountain paths and wood-land dells,
  Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
  Beauty wanders ev'rywhere,
Foot-prints leaves on many strands,
  But her home is surely there!
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the west,
Beauty's home Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye
  With such bright and varied tints,
Ev'ry rock that you pass by,
  Verdure broiders or besprints.
Virgin there the green grass grows,
  Ev'ry morn springs natal day,
Bright hued berries daff the snows,
  Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels often pausing there
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

Music there for Echo dwells,
  Makes each sound a harmony,
Many voic'd the chorus swells,
  Till it faints in ecstacy.
With the charmful tints below,
  Seems the Heav'n above to vie,
All rich colours that we know
  Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.
Wings of Angels so might shine,
Glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

5. SONG "Under the Desert Star." *Temple.*

Mr. Arthur Blight.

UNDER THE DESERT STAR.

Allah! Allah!
No one but God is nigh,
Lord of my dreaming heart.

The camp-fires brightly gleam
Beneath the great stars' beam,
And the sparks to Heaven blow,
The sparks to Heaven blow;
The tents are white
'Neath the shimmering light,
And the dark green palm trees glow,
From out the throng,
Comes an Arab's song,
A song of the long ago.

Under the desert sky,
Far from the world apart;
No one but God is nigh,
Lord of my dreaming heart.

Allah! Allah!
Here in the Garden of the Lord,
Thou by Thy servant art adored;
In sword or flame,
Behold Thy Name!
In Life or Death,
Thy fierce wild breath!
Allah! to Thee my soul takes wing—
Allah! my Lord and King!

Under the desert sky,
Far from the world apart;
No one but God is nigh,
Lord of my dreaming heart.

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6. TWO-PART CHORUS "The Huntsman."
"Der Freischütz," *Weber.*

Children's Chorus.

HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS.

The huntsman is sounding, is sounding his merry note,
Afar on the hill-top the echo is heard.
The grass and the leaves sparkle gaily with dew,
And the air is perfumed with the scent of the flow'rs.
Across the green meadow the hunters are coming,
The hounds and the horses are rushing this way.

CHORUS:

Then on, follow on, follow on, follow on,
Then on, follow on, o'er the bushes, and the rushing [streamlet.
On, follow on, thro' the valley and the daisied meadow,
On, follow on; on, follow on, on, follow on, follow on.

The stag bounding onward, the hounds gaily follow on,
The hunters rejoice in the day's glorious run.
Across the deep valley, no barrier can stop them,
They rush ever forward till daylight is done.
The horn of the huntsman now calls them together,
A gay, happy band they return home again.—CHO.

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7. (*a*) EASTER LILIES.

   (*b*) SUGGESTIONS OF EASTER-TIDE.

Pupils of Mrs. Somers.

8. (*a*) TWO-PART SONG

"The Ash Grove." *Welsh Melody.*

(*b*) "Fishermen's Chorus."

"Masaniello," *Auber.*

Children's Chorus.

THE ASH GROVE.

Along a green valley,
  Where runs a clear streamlet,
O, oft have I wander'd
  Down by the Ash Grove,
In youth's happy moments,
  With merry companions,
The hours pass'd too quickly
  With dear ones to love.

Where'er I may wander,
In lands far asunder,
I e'er shall remember
That lovely Ash Grove.

Its clusters of hazel,
Its sweet banks of flowers,
And perfume exhaling
From nooks and from bow'rs.
The birds singing sweetly,
Make sweetest of music,
And gently is floated
The coo of the dove.
Where'er I may wander,
In lands far asunder,
I e'er shall remember
That lovely Ash Grove.

FISHERMEN'S CHORUS.

Come, let us sing while we may,
Let us lift up our voices together,
Come, let us join in a right merry lay,
For our hearts are as light as a feather.

CHORUS:

O hail, happy time,
Now is the day of our prime,
Come, let us sing while we may,
Let us lift up our voices together,
Come, let us join in a right merry lay,
For our hearts are as light as a feather.

Down by the harbour so gay,
Lie our boats and our sails, all so pretty,
Ready to start at the break of the day,
With our nets by the side of the jetty.—CHO.

9. QUARTETTE "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." *Burns.*

Misses Jennie Kimber, Hazel Robinson, Katie Pollock, Reta Herst.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills ;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye,
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gath'ring sweet flow'ret she stems thy clear wave.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

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10. (*a*) TWO-PART SONG
"It was a Merry Lad and Lass." *Morley.*
(*b*) PATRIOTIC CHORUS
"O Canada." *C. Lavallee.*
Children's Chorus.

IT WAS A MERRY LAD AND LASS.

It was a merry lad and lass,
Tra la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la
Tra la la la la,
That o'er the green corn-fields did pass
In Spring-time, in Spring-time, in Spring-time,

The only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
Tra la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la
Tra la la la la,
How that a life was but a flower
In Spring-time, in Spring-time, in Spring-time,
The only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

O CANADA.

O Canada! our father's land of old,
Thy brow is crowned with leaves of red and gold,
Beneath the shade of the Holy Cross
Thy children own their birth,
No stains thy glorious annals gloss,
Since valor shields thy hearth.
Almighty God, on Thee we call,
Defend our rights, forefend this free nation's thrall,
Defend our rights, forefend this nation's thrall.

Altar and throne command our sacred love,
And mankind to us shall ever brothers prove,
O King of Kings with Thy mighty breath,
All our sons do Thou inspire,
May no craven terror of life or death
E'er damp the patriot's fire.
Our mighty call loudly shall ring,
As in the days of old "For Christ and the King."

11. Two Humorous Songs

(*a*) *"Kick-O-Ree-Kee." *W. H. Neidlinger.*

(*b*) *"The Little Chinese Boy." *W. H. Neidlinger.*

Choir Girls.

KICK-O-REE-KEE.

A friend of mine was born in France,
And this is what he said to me:
The Roosters in the barnyards there,
When crowing, say "Kick-o-ree-kee!"
He says the Ducks say "Can, can, can!"
And wouldn't know how to say "Quack!"
I think if I should go to France,
I'd be very glad to come back.

He says the people all talk French;
I wouldn't like that I am sure.
Just think how strange "Good-morning" sounds
In French, for they call it "Bon-jour!"
One thing he says is just the same
In France, as it is in this land,
And so if I should go to France,
I'd have to belong to a band.

THE LITTLE CHINESE BOY.

Me little boy, though my hair look like a girl,
Me like-a pig-tail, but me no like a curl:
Me like-a play, and me like mos' ev'ry sing,
But me no like-a the kind of song you sing.
Me like-a Tom-tom playee in a ban',
No like-a music playee in dis lan',
Me like-a music velly diffe'nt way,
Me like-a boom boom! like a Tom-tom play.

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12. A Study in Rhythm.
Pupils of Mrs. Somers.

13. Song "The Sands o' Dee." *Clay.*
Mr. Arthur Blight.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she,
The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

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14. Two-part Song
(*a*) "Crossing the Bar."
(*b*) Three-part Round
"Good Night to You All."
Children's Chorus.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning bar
When I put out to sea.

But moving tide asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the deep
Turns to its earliest home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sad farewell,
When I at last embark ;

For though from time and place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot's face,
When I have crossed the bar.

GOOD NIGHT (ROUND).

Good night to you all,
And sweet be your sleep :
May angels around you
Their silent watch keep :
Good-night, good-night,
Good-night, good-night.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.